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## DOES TALENT GO IN THE MALE LINE?

THERE are some notions which, having perhaps been sanctioned by a favourite author, and never afterwards rigidly examined, acquire a popular currency, and may almost be said to rank as axioms. One of these is, that men of talent are always indebted for what gives them distinction to their mothers, either in the way of an inheritance of natural ability, or through the means of unusually good nurture and education. Men, it is supposed, can only be the parents of the ordinary, unless there be a mother of talent, and then it does not matter how stupid the father may be. It is a gallant and courteous idea; and one could almost wish it to be true, seeing that it appears to adjust the balance of power between the sexes. Women are excluded from political and professional situations, although often fitter for them than most men. Here, it might be thought, is a compensation for them. They may not be Gracchi; but they may be the mothers of Gracchi. They may not be Alexanders, or Napoleons, or Wellingtons; but they may be Olympiases, or Letitia Ramolinis, or Countesses of Mornington, to rejoice in the thickening laurels of their sons, as they go conquering over the earth. Alas, gentle dames, as Burns waggishly says, 'it gars me greet' to think that you have no such peculiar privilege—for this really seems to be the fact. There are noted instances, it is most true, of great men springing from clever mothers, while their fathers were of ordinary attainments; but this is not decisive of the question. If it be a rule, it should have only such a few exceptions as are expected from all rules—not as many contrary as supporting instances. I fear that it is only the result of a prepossession springing from amiable feelings, and supported by the natural love of paradox. Early dependence upon the mother makes us partial to her in judging as in feeling. Poets, who are only children in breeches, keep up the tendency by their continual ravings to the same purport. Then, when cases do occur, the unexpectedness of great and vigorous qualities from this source—as if it were too much to be looked for from the weaker vessel—completes the delusion, leading us, without more inquiry, to affirm that as invariable which is only occasional.

There is at least ample and ready evidence of men of note having had able fathers, while either nothing has been remembered of their mothers, or it is known that they were not above ordinary. Let us first look at the immediately past age: have we not, in the very highest walk of English political life, the remarkable instance of the two Pitts—so alike in commanding genius, in eloquence, and even in moral qualities, that we cannot doubt the younger to have been a reproduction of the elder. Hester Grenville, the mother of the heaven-born minister, is described as a woman of

merit. A good mother, we doubt not, she was; but Pitt was 'yon gude blood o' auld Boconnock's.' Even his faults tell this. Walpole, too, we may remember, had a son whose talents, if of an essentially different order, were still such as to place him far above the common run of men. Fox also had a minister for his sire, though one who was not a favourite with the public. The passing of an identical talent from Sir William to Sir John Herschel, is another 'modern instance' on which we might expatiate, if the second of the parties were not yet, to the gratification of his countrymen, in the land of the living.

Looking across the Channel, our attention is quickly arrested by the instance of the Mirabeaus, father and son; the first an esteemed writer on financial and political subjects, the second the hero of the Revolution. Necker, too, gives us De Staël. A different and inferior talent is in the paternal position in both these instances; but still it is talent—superior intellect—descending from father to child; while the mother, as far as we know, had nothing to do with the matter. With facts of so decided a character in the opposite counsel's hands, the case for the ladies seems to have a poor chance. On the other hand, Catherine of Russia, a woman of masculine ability, if ever there was one, gives birth to—the wretched Paul! And Lady Mary Wortley Montague is the mother of an eccentric gentleman, only remarkable for whimsical conversation and wearing a beard!

Instances of poets and philosophers who have had fathers, either of decided and often kindred talent, or showing some kind of tendency to intellectual distinction, are plentifully sown over the biographical dictionaries. We see, in Pascal, the son of a father who was esteemed for his scientific and literary attainments. Tasso's father, Bernardo, had attained universal fame in Italy as a poet, before his son had begun to write; and it is only owing to there having been a second and superior Tasso, that the first is now little heard of. In our own land, the poetical gift passed from the Earl of Dorset, the first of the Elizabethan geniuses in point of time, to a great-grandson, well known as the friend of Dryden. Sacchi, the Italian painter, was the son of an artist, who taught him. The fathers of Mozart and Beethoven were both musicians: men no doubt inferior to their sons, but from whom, nevertheless, we can conceive their talents to have been derived, only experiencing a great improvement in the transmission. And this is no uncommon case among the cultivators of the fine arts. Lot fixes the man of moderate abilities in an obscure situation, perhaps below his deservings; the son, more fortunately placed, more ardent, and having some benefit from early tuition, springs forward and makes a figure before the world. The father of the celebrated Sebastian Bach was a musician, in good esteem, though

not famous. Sebastian, in his turn, gave birth to two sons, both of whom were eminent in their art.

In 'the north countree' there have been several remarkable instances of a transmission of talent through paternal channels, and that for more than one remove. An Aberdeenshire clergyman, who lived early in the seventeenth century, was the progenitor of a family of Gregories, who have ever since kept their name before the public as professional and learned men. First, there was James Gregory, inventor of the reflecting telescope, and an eminent mathematician; next, three nephews of the preceding, David, James, and Charles, all of them professors of mathematics. Then we have another member of the family, though the precise relationship is not stated—Dr John Gregory, professor of medicine in the university of Edinburgh, but best known to the world by a small book called 'A Father's Legacy to his Children.' Dr James, the son of the above, was of unapproached eminence as professor of medicine in the same university, and as a physician in our city. His son, Dr William Gregory, now flourishes in the chair of chemistry. This is a surprising series of learned men, all of one line, and there is of course no need to suppose that the talent has gone otherwise than from father to son, or at least passed in the paternal line. We have, however, a curious admission to make as to the Gregories—that the talent of the first or geometrical batch came in through the honest minister's wife, a lady named Anderson, whose paternal ancestors had been noted for mechanical ingenuity and a taste for mathematics. The anatomy-teaching Monroes are hardly less remarkable than the Gregories. Three generations of this family, bearing the same Christian name, have now possessed this chair in the Edinburgh university for a hundred and twenty-five years; and with the word Monro is associated no small portion of the distinction of our city as a medical school. Passing to literature—we see, in Mr P. F. Tytler, author of the History of Scotland, a third generation of penmen; his father having been the accomplished Lord Woodhouselee, and his grandfather the 'revered defender of beauteous Stuart.' *Vires acquirit eundo.* Allan Ramsay too, the writer of the one unapproached pastoral of the world; to him was born a son of the same name, who perhaps showed his abilities less as a painter than in the private effusions of his pen and his lively conversation, which made him the favourite of the highest literary and political circles in his time. Only two months ago did the line of the author of the Gentle Shepherd become extinct in his grandson, General John Ramsay, who was also a man of social qualities, removing him far above the mass of his fellow-creatures. In him, however, there had been an infusion from a different fountain, the clever Stormont family, his mother having been a niece of the Chief Justice Earl of Mansfield. If any feel surprised at the blood of a Scottish bard ascending to mingle with that of the Scottish nobility, he must be referred to ancient gossip for an account of a certain young painter being employed not long after the middle of the last century in teaching drawing to the children of a Sir Alexander Lindsay of Evelick, when it chanced that one of the young ladies formed a violent attachment to him, and took him, against her parents' wishes, for a husband. This, however, is a digression: to return. We may only further advert, under this head, to a singular fact which rests upon the authority of sundry sepulchral inscriptions—that the duties of master mason, or architect to the king, were performed in Scotland by eight generations of a family of Mylne, the last of whom seems to have lived early in the eighteenth century.

\* What Phidias or Apelles could have done  
In brass or marble, that could he in stone.\*

says the epitaph of one of them who rebuilt Holyrood Palace in the reign of Charles II. A scion of the family was the architect of Blackfriars Bridge. There might not be a high talent at work in all of these generations; but still the duties must have called for a degree of ability and taste which it is surprising to think of as persisting, without failure, throughout eight generations.

Against a host of instances so large, which yet, being only drawn from the memory of a single person, might easily be extended, it will be impossible for the theory any longer to stand.\* We do not, indeed, know in all these cases that the mother was not a woman of unusual ability; but it is a good rule to be content with what explains the point which may be in question, without passing beyond that into needless surmises of other causes. The father in these cases being notably a man of talent, ought to go far to satisfy us. We only, however, come to conclude, that abilities are derived from the father in a certain class of instances. There are doubtless many in which they come from the other parent. Thus we find the mother of Scott to have been superior to her husband. But, on the other hand, of the couple who dwelt in the clay cottage at Alloway, and there gave birth to a wonderful genius, who seems yet to have gathered but half his fame, any intellect that exceeded the ordinary, lay unquestionably with that shrewd, hard-headed old gardener, who argued so stiffly on doctrinal points; while the simple mother only tended household work. Gilbert was the mother's son; Robert belonged to his father, as far as he belonged to anybody besides Nature. Since such is the case, may it not be safest to suppose that, as children bear an external resemblance, some to one parent, and some to another, so, in cases where there is a superior intellect, it may be from either parent as it happens? To put the idea in different terms: there may be supposed to be an equal chance for its being derived from either, unless, indeed, it may have passed over an intermediate generation, and be derivable from some grandfather or grandmother.

If we admit this view, we can be at no loss to account for both men and women of ability having commonplace children. In these cases the other parent is most probably the source of the dulness. How little is this reflected on by great men! Chesterfield seems to have never doubted that his son, who was a lump of commonplace, could be made a brilliant character; and even Burke, whose lamentations for the youthful heir of his name are so touching, is understood to have greatly over-estimated the youth's abilities, and his likelihood of distinguishing himself. A Cromwell sees his name betrayed, as it were, into the possession of a spiritless changeling, who is truly the mother's child, not his, and therefore utterly disqualified for holding the reins of government after him. The ardent hero of Agincourt is nominally, and but nominally, represented by the innocent Henry VI. It were well if great men would open their eyes to the possibility of disappointments from this quarter, or only select wives who were sure not to produce simpletons. One of the last Hackstons of Rathillet became sensible of this when he found his wife's imbecility represented in an odd Tony-Lumpkinish son, at whose sallies he would sometimes observe, 'Ah, Helenus (for such was his name), ye ha'e o'er mickle mother wit.'

This is a sad attack which we are committing upon the fairer part of creation, but let them be quite at their ease. The general conviction of their being exclusively possessed of all the finer qualities of human nature, and able to transmit them to their offspring, is so rooted, that we have little hope of gaining even a fair hearing for

\* The reader will find some speculations favouring the opposite view in an article entitled 'Clever Women,' which appeared in the Journal thirteen years ago (No. 36). We have since then reflected more deeply on the subject, and the present paper is the result of our deliberations.

these ideas. It will therefore remain as prevalent a notion as ever, that eminent men owe all to their mothers. As usual with pertinacious theory-mongers, who can get nobody to listen to them in their own age, we enter an appeal to Prince Posterity.

## TRAVELS IN LURISTÁN AND ARABISTÁN.

### CONCLUDING ARTICLE.

FROM Behbahan the Baron de Bode proceeded by slow stages to the great plain of Mál Amir, and thence over several steep shoulders of the Bakhtyari mountains by a stone pavement or causeway. This, he says, although much impaired by time, and in several places scarcely passable, on account of the huge stones which have been cast down by the rushing of torrents from the heights, produces, even in its dilapidated state, a grand idea of him, whoever he was, who conceived and executed the vast project of carrying a stone road, worked in mosaic, across stupendous mountains, which seem as if they had been formed by nature as insurmountable barriers to the traveller. This road is now, and has been for ages, the high road for caravans; but history, which in general is so prolix in commemorating events that carry devastation and destruction in their train, has set apart no page whereon to inscribe the name of the man who deserved so well of posterity. The causeway is known by the name of the *Jaddeh-Atabeg*, or the high road of the Atabegs; but the Baron de Bode doubts whether the petty chiefs of Luristán, who bore that appellation from the twelfth to the fourteenth century, had the skill or the enterprise to form or carry out a design like this, which would have done honour to imperial Rome in the days of her greatest grandeur. He is more inclined to the opinion that it was the work of some of the Susanian monarchs, or even of an earlier date, although there is no historical evidence in support of his views. We learn from the Greek and Latin writers, that the followers of Alexander the Great, in their frequent marches and counter-marches through the hilly country between Susa and Persepolis, met with stone pavements in the mountains, to which they applied the name of the *Climax Megale*, or Great Ladder. Had Alexander himself been the constructor of these roads, his historians, who have enumerated all the cities of which he laid the foundations, would not have passed over a work of such vast dimensions, and it is therefore to be inferred that it is older than the time of that renowned conqueror; though we can scarcely agree with the Baron de Bode, unless he gives us some better reasons for our belief than he has afforded, that it was originally constructed by Chedorlaomer, king of Elam, who is mentioned in the 14th chapter of the book of Genesis.

On stopping at a ruined caravanserai in the midst of the mountains, he found great preparations going on for the reception of his friend the governor of Isfahan, who, it will be recollected, had agreed to meet him at Shushter. Here a small tent was prepared for him, and another for his attendants, on his expressing his desire to await the governor's arrival. The latter was greatly surprised to find him amongst the mountains, and especially in the company of the Bakhtyari tribes. He recollected the rendezvous he had given the baron when they parted at Isfahan, to meet again at Shushter, but imagined that, on arriving at Shiraz, the European would have been dissuaded from undertaking a further journey, on account of the uncertainty of the road. Undecided on this point, he gave the baron some valuable information as to the route he should now pursue, and invited him to go back with him as far as the plain of Mál Amir, where he intended to make some stay, and where the chiefs of the mountains were to make some parade of their forces, both in honour of his arrival, and to show how formidable they might become if offended. To this proposal our traveller agreed, and retraced his steps accordingly.

On his return to the plain of Mál Amir, he visited

several natural caves in the sides of the hills, in which he found some curious remains of antiquity. In one, he noticed two colossal figures sculptured on the wall, but nearly obliterated by the water which constantly oozes through the fissures of the rock. One of the figures was in profile, and looked towards a smaller cave, with his hands clasped, and in an attitude of adoration, and round the base of his garment was an inscription in arrow-headed characters. The other figure had a long beard ending in two curls, and a lock of hair falling down the right shoulder. Between the two figures was an inscription in the same arrow-headed characters, extending to no less than thirty-three lines, each from eight to ten feet in length, and which, it is much to be regretted, the baron had no means of deciphering. He afterwards visited several other caves, abounding in similar antiquities; and finally taking leave of his friend the governor, and the Bakhtyari chiefs, proceeded towards the ancient city of Shushter, where he arrived after an uninteresting journey of three days.

Having a letter of introduction, he proceeded to the house of the civil-governor, Aga Mahomed All Basha, the head of one of the principal native families of Shushter. By this personage he was received with great cordiality, and in him he recognised one whom he had known three years previously in another part of Persia. Shushter was formerly a very populous city, but suffered so greatly from the plague in 1831, and the cholera in 1832, that its population does not now exceed 5000. Another cause of its downfall has been the preference given to the neighbouring city of Dhiẓful as the seat of the government of the province. Its aspect, says our author, is original. The dwellings are generally two storeys high, with spacious terraces surrounded by parapets. In the interior of the courts, lofty covered passages run along the walls of the buildings. The vaulted cells of the houses are deep and capacious, and to these in the summer-time the inhabitants resort during the heat of the day. The *ark*, as the fortress of the city is called, stands apart on a rising ground, facing the river Kuren, which lower down passes under a stone bridge of forty-four arches. Shushter had in former years large cotton plantations, and furnished the raw material for numerous native looms; but since the introduction of English cotton stuffs, the cotton looms have been brought to a stand-still. The sugar-cane was also cultivated here with much success at one time, but is now entirely abandoned.

The inhabitants of Shushter have the reputation in Persia of being very quick and witty in their repartees; and as the people are of a gay, lively character, the town swarms with buffoons, dancers, musicians, and jugglers of all descriptions. It is added, that the place is not more remarkable for the wit than for the profligacy of its inhabitants; and that even in Persia, where morality is at a low ebb, Shushter is notorious for the want of it.

The baron only stayed one day in Shushter, and departed at midnight, in company with a very intelligent young Persian nobleman, who tried to keep him awake by his jokes and vivacity, but whose name he very ungratefully 'forgot to remember.' He was in the shah's military service, and had been a pupil of Colonel Stoddart; and, when he learned that the baron kept a journal of his travels, was exceedingly anxious that not only his name, but his good sayings should be recorded in it—an anxiety which makes the baron's forgetfulness the more unpardonable. The next place of any note where he stayed was Dhiẓful, about four hours' hard riding from which are the ruins of Shush, the ancient Susa, and, next to Persepolis, one of the most interesting spots in that interesting country. Shush is situated south-south-west from Dhiẓful, on the right bank of the river of the same name, and thither our traveller proceeded early on the morning after his arrival, accompanied by a guide and several attendants, all on horseback. 'Although,' says the baron, 'we went at a pretty brisk trot, we were outstripped by a turbaned old Arab, riding on a donkey



at a swift amble, with a thick iron nail in his hand, with which he urged the animal forward by pricking it under the mane.' This turned out to be the mutaveli, or guardian of the tomb of the prophet Daniel, who was thus hurrying on before them to do the honours of the place, and reap the benefit. On approaching the ruins, they overtook several groups of Arab families, who were hastening in the same direction to the shrine of the prophet, to whose memory equal honour is paid by Christians, Jews, and Mahomedans. His supposed tomb, surmounted by a white conical roof, similar to the section of a honeycomb, was discernible amid a grove of palm trees as they approached. On arriving at the gate, they found the platform swarming with men, women, and children, from some neighbouring black tents, all pressing forward to enter the inner court, which was likewise full of people. The scene was highly picturesque. The white turbans, negligently twisted round the heads of the men, contrasted with their dark complexions and jet-black hair; while their broad striped *abbas* or cloaks hung loosely over their shoulders in graceful plaits. The women and girls, who appeared with their faces uncovered, wore black turbans, and were dressed in the gaudiest colours—red, yellow, and dark-blue predominating. The children ran about in red shifts, without any other apparel. The baron's appearance excited some curiosity among them, and they made no opposition to his entering the chapel where the coffin of Daniel is said to be deposited, on learning that the Christians acknowledge the holiness of his name, and admit his pretensions to the sacred character of a prophet. The tomb is of modern architecture, and bears no traces of its antiquity, with the exception of the fragments of some marble pillars, with the leaves of the lotus carved upon them. In the interior of a four-cornered cell stands the coffin, a high box of a dark sort of wood, surrounded by a grating, on which are hung several boards, inscribed with quotations from the Koran. It is stated that the natives, although ignorant of the value of, and otherwise indifferent to, the ancient monuments of their country, hold it as sacrilegious to allow them to be carried away; and the traveller noticed that they narrowly watched his movements while in the tomb of the prophet, whenever he touched any of the marble fragments which lay scattered about on the ground.

Beneath the apartment containing the coffin is a vault, the entrance into which is from the outside of the court, and is said to represent the den of lions into which Daniel was cast by the order of Darius, king of the Medes and Persians. Into this, however, the Baron de Bode did not enter.

The western wall of the edifice is close to the left shore of the Shapur or Shöver river—the same with the Euleus of ancient writers, and the Ulai of Scripture. It is a narrow but deep stream, with high banks, and is navigable to its junction with the Kuren river near Ahvaz. Close to the water's edge are three white marble fragments. The first is the capital of a column, with chiselled ornaments in the form of the lotus leaf; the second is a slab, with arrow-headed inscriptions; and the third is a bas-relief, representing a human figure and two lions, very roughly sculptured, and evidently intended, at some subsequent period, to commemorate the events mentioned in the book of the prophet.

The ground about Shush (which, it is to be regretted, the baron has so imperfectly described) is very uneven, and numerous mounds, called *tepehs* by the natives, are scattered in different directions to a considerable distance; some of them being partially covered with brushwood. The highest among them is supposed to be the place where the palace stood in which the prophet Daniel had his vision (Dan. viii. 2). 'And I saw in a vision, And it came to pass when I saw that I was at Shushan in the palace, which is in the province of Elam, by the river of Ulai.' From the top of this mound are seen the ruins of Ivani Kherk, beyond the river of Kherkeh, about five miles to the west. A column, with the ruins of Shapur, is likewise discernible in a north-westerly

direction. An oblong white slab, with inscriptions in arrow-headed characters, of thirty-three lines, like those at Mâl Amir, lies on the slope of the mound; and a few more marble fragments are found at the foot of it, nearly overgrown with grass and brushwood. Our author learned from the Arabs who accompanied him, that old coins, tombs, and blocks of marble, were often found in the adjacent country, but they could give him no particulars concerning them.

Dhizful, where the baron stayed one day on his return from Shush, is on the left bank of the river, and bears, in the general features of its architecture, a great resemblance to Shushter. A number of water-mills project far into the stream, and are built on rocks which jut across the river, and produce rapids. These little islets are united by narrow bridges; and at the approach of night, when they are all lighted up by the millers, there is a complete and very pleasing illumination. The great bridge across the river consists of twenty-two arches; and its construction is attributed by the Persians to Husheng, one of the ancient kings of the Pishadian race, and their first legislator before Zoroaster.

For four days after leaving this town, the baron traversed a portion of country which has been described by Major Rawlinson and other travellers; but on arriving at the ruins of the ancient town of Joider, he congratulated himself on reaching a 'terra incognita'—or at least a country of which, to his knowledge, with the exception of the one town of Khorremabad, no particular account had previously appeared. In half an hour after leaving this point, he reached, with some Ilyat guides whom he had hired to accompany him, the banks of the large river Kashgan. Ten athletic men from a neighbouring hamlet came to tender their services and show him a ford. The river at this spot presented two channels, having, nearly in the middle, a long strip of land, or narrow island. His new guides stripped off their clothes, and with loud cries of *Ya Allah!* (God help us!) soon cleared the first channel; the traveller and his train following on horseback. When they came to the second channel, they declared it impossible to cross, but after a time some of them ventured in. They soon, however, lost their footing, and were carried down the stream. The remainder of the party, by dint of perseverance, afterwards found a ford; but it was so deep, and the river was rising so rapidly—as is generally the case after noonday with streams that are fed by the melting snow in the mountains—that the whole of them prepared to swim. They disengaged themselves of the greater part of their apparel, which they tied in a bundle on their heads or backs, and with some difficulty gained the opposite shore. The baron, when the time came to remunerate these guides for their trouble, offered them some gold coin, but to his great wonder, found them totally ignorant of the value of that metal, and they preferred to take a few silver *sahib-corans*, each of less value than a shilling, which he had about him, although the recompense was greatly inferior to his first offer.

During the next three days he crossed and recrossed several times the river Kashgan, and various of its tributaries, and arrived, late in the evening of the third, at the town of Khorremabad. This, according to Major Rawlinson, is a singular place. A range of rocky hills stretches across the plain in the usual direction of north-west and south-east, and appears to have been suddenly broken through to admit the passage of the river (of the same name as the town) for the space of about three quarters of a mile, leaving in the centre of this open space a solitary rock of about 1000 yards in circumference. This rock is very steep, and near its summit is a most copious spring. This forms the fort of Khorremabad. It is surrounded by a double wall at the base, and the summit where the palace is built is also very strongly defended. The modern town, which is small, containing not more than a thousand houses, is built below the fort, upon its south-western face. The river, a broad shallow stream, passes to the south-east

of the fort and town. The banks are covered with gardens, amongst which are to be seen the ruins of the old town, once the capital of the Atabegs of Luri-Kuchuk. The town contains four mosques, eight public baths, and has a separate quarter assigned for the Jews, the number of whose houses averages from forty to fifty. It carries on a trade in *chubuks* for pipes; in the skin of the otter, which animal abounds in the rivers of Luristán; and also a considerable traffic in the juice of the pomegranate, the produce of its gardens. On the left side of the river is a spacious garden, remarkable for its rows of splendid cypress trees, to which a superstitious belief is attached. The inhabitants imagine that every year, on a certain day (the 10th of Moharem, when the Imaum Hassan, the son of Ali, was slain), these trees are supernaturally agitated, and shake as if a violent wind were blowing, although there may not be a breath of air at the time.

From this town to Búrjird, the next place of importance, is a distance of twelve or thirteen farsangs, or from forty to forty-three miles, in a north-east direction, which it took the baron two days to accomplish. On the second day (February 22) they were in sight of the lofty chain of the Alverd mountains; and as the rain of the previous day had been followed by a heavy fall of snow, it was doubtful whether they could succeed in crossing the mountains. However, eight stout peasants were at last procured to lead the way, and, there being no road, to tread the snow under foot, and open a path for the horses. Fortunately, the weather cleared up as they were ascending; but the difficulties and fatigues they had to encounter during their progress appear to have been most severe. Notwithstanding the efforts of the men to form a beaten track, the snow was not sufficiently solid, and it was so deep, that the horses were continually sinking up to their girths. There being no possibility of riding, the party dismounted, each leading his horse. Man and beast stumbled every moment, falling, sinking, and plunging, to extricate themselves from the snow. Mountain seemed to overhang mountain as they passed, and far away the loftiest summits looked over all, clad in the white mantle of eternal winter. Though it was a chilling sight to look around, the party was far from feeling cold. The perspiration ran down their faces in consequence of their violent exertion, while columns of steam rose from the bodies of their panting horses. They arrived at last at a summit, where the guide, to their great relief, told them that the greatest difficulties had been overcome; then gradually descending into a valley, they stopped to refresh themselves at a small village called Búzihúl, in which a colony of Lurs is settled. From this place they continued their road across a secondary range of mountains, of a clayey and chalky nature, and at last descended into the plain of Búrjird, studded with villages, and having plenty of pasture-ground.

Búrjird lies out of the line of the high road, between the capital and the principal cities of Persia, and is seldom visited by European travellers. It is governed, together with the province of the same name, and the adjoining provinces of Meloir and Hamadan, by Behmen Mirza, the second brother of the reigning shah. The province contains, besides its capital, 386 villages, great and small, and pays a yearly tax of 50,304 *tomans* in cash (about £25,000), and 3832 *harvars* of grain, amounting in value to 5748 *tomans*, or about £2600 additional. The town is renowned for its manufactories for printed chintzes, which, although inferior in quality to those of Ispahan, are much in request all over Persia. The dyes used are chiefly the produce of the country. A red dye, for which there is a great demand, is made from the root of a plant which grows wild in the fields, called by the natives *rengi runos*, and which is sold at the rate of twopence-halfpenny a-pound, English money. Indigo is brought from Shuaster, and sometimes imported from India. The yellow dye is obtained from the rind of the pomegranate, and the green from the

same, mixed with indigo. Cochineal is imported by means of the Russian trade. There are fifty establishments altogether in the town for printing cotton stuffs. The greater part of the cotton is grown in the ninety-four villages of the neighbouring and rich district of Túsúrkán. The manufactories are all in the hands of private individuals, forming a powerful corporation. The yearly revenue of the crown from these, amounts to 2000 *tomans*, which sum is paid by a person who farms it of the government; he himself being satisfied by the manufacturers, who pay him in kind, at the rate of one piece of cloth out of every sixty they manufacture. It is a flourishing place, though out of the beaten track, and maintains an industrious and happy population.

From Búrjird the baron proceeded by easy stages to Kum, and thence to Teheran; but his travels after this point possess no feature of interest. He arrived at the latter city on the 28th of February, after an absence of sixty-seven days, of which forty-six had been spent in actual travelling, and the remaining twenty-one either in resting at Ispahan, Persepolis, and Shiraz, and examining the antiquities of those cities and their neighbourhoods, or in visiting the country around Behbahan, Mál Amir, Shush, and Dhizful.

## WORDS BORROWED FROM THE FRENCH.

### FIRST ARTICLE.

THE English language is a curious compound of tongues blended together with more or less harmony. We point to the Norman conquest for the infusion of many French words into the Anglo-Saxon vernacular; but this infusion did not take place at once; it was the work of centuries. So has it been with every new element in the composition. The change from rude to polished styles of speech and writing, has been exceedingly gradual, and no one can say that the language is yet by any means perfect, or that it ever will be complete. This is a fact quite in accordance with the national character, which is one of advancement and improvement. Unlike some of the continental nations, the English do not set themselves to prevent the intrusion of new or foreign words into their ordinary speech. They pick up, naturalise, and make good use of any form of expression, as they would of any fact in science, which suits their taste or necessities. Liberal and compromising, their language increases in richness and variety of terms, in the same manner as the nation and individuals increase their general resources. And thus has the English language continually extended its boundaries, and still is beneficially extending them.

It is interesting to observe how a word makes its way into our language. The people are too conservative to receive the new expression till it has run through a preliminary course, and been, we might say, rendered respectable by familiar use. Many words commence as a kind of slang, and are not for half a century perhaps found in any dictionary. Of this class *mob* and *bore* are fair examples. *Mob* (an abbreviation of *mobile vulgus*, 'the easily-moved vulgar'—a phrase which took its rise in Charles II.'s time) has gained a lodgment, and is now an accepted expression, which it once was not; while *bore* is only in the way of gaining a footing, and may not get into dictionaries for a quarter of a century. That it will gain admission into them, nobody can doubt, for it expresses an idea, and it is the genius of the people to abandon no idea that is really natural. On the same grounds many French phrases cannot escape naturalisation, especially those which express ideas for which we happen to possess no English word of an old date. A few of these it is our purpose to instance and explain.

*Aide-de-camp*.—The French being, historically, a great military nation, who have carried the science of war to a high point, it is natural that many of the words used by other soldiers should be borrowed from them;

just as most of our nautical terms are taken from the Dutch, at one time the greatest naval nation of Europe. The above is in most frequent use, and signifies literally a 'camp-assistant.' In the English service, a field-marshal is entitled to four aides, a lieutenant-general to two, and a major-general to one. Each general officer, with these assistants, is called a staff. The duty of an aide-de-camp is chiefly to act as a sort of messenger in conveying the orders of his principal to inferior officers, and to report what is going on in the various parts of the field to which his duties may have sent him. In the French army an adjutant is sometimes called an *aide-major*, because he assists the major in his duties. Nor in its native language is the word aide confined to military affairs; it is used in many trades and professions: thus, in the art of cookery—which the French excel in quite as much as in that of war—a *chef-de-cuisine*, or head cook, being commander-in-chief of the kitchen, has his *aides-de-cuisine* as well as the field-marshal. In like manner, the bricklayer's labourer is called an *aide-de-maçon*; and so on.

*Attaché*.—This is a diplomatic term, borrowed from the French from sheer necessity; for there is no English word which would so well express the office of a man who has comparatively nothing to do. An *attaché* is a part of the train of an ambassador; but his official duties are not very clearly defined. In the morning he occasionally does a little translation of state documents—that is, if he happen to understand sufficiently the language of the court to which he is accredited—and issues the invitations for the ambassador's balls and parties. In the evening, he goes out to diplomatic dinner-parties, to pick up floating political news. When company is received at the embassy, he waltzes with ladies whose papas or husbands are in the cabinet; or makes the fourth for a rubber of whist (which is now played in every civilised court), to oblige a minister of foreign affairs or a princess-dowager. In short, the designation of his office sufficiently expresses the lightness of his employments: he is neither a secretary to write despatches, a clerk to copy them, nor a courier to convey them. He is simply *attached* to the embassy—an ornamental appendage rather than a useful adjunct.

The word is not, however, wholly monopolised by diplomacy. It is gradually creeping into more general use. Thus, the especial admirers of a reigning beauty are called her *attachés*: the members of what is vulgarly termed the 'tail' of a popular member of parliament, are also occasionally designated by the more refined word *attachés*. These, with many other applications of French words, were ingrafted upon our language during the fashionable novel mania which raged so fiercely about twenty years since. In those books, some of the characters were made to converse in a sort of slip-slop polyglot, consisting chiefly of slovenly English, bad French, and worse Italian. Some of the French words, however, managed to retain their hold.

*Au fait*.—Quite acquainted with the subject in hand. The vulgar idiom, being 'up to' the facts connected with various matters, is the best equivalent to *au fait* we could instance.

*Badinage* is a delicate modification of our word 'rillery,' and means a sort of half-earnest jesting. As established in that sense, it is a good word, for it expresses a meaning, for which we have no exact equivalent. *Badinage* is of early adoption, for we find it in Cole's dictionary, published two centuries ago; but at first it was employed to express mere 'foolery.' Lord Chesterfield, however, gave it its true application in one of his letters.—'When you find your antagonist beginning to grow warm,' he says, 'put an end to the dispute by some genteel *badinage*.' The French employ the term in many senses collateral to the above. We can think of no better illustration of the sportive way in which they use it, than the proverb, *Le mariage n'est pas un badinage*; which is a truth conveyed in a pleasing bit of irony; namely, 'Marriage is no joke.'

*Bagatelle* has been naturalised in England for at

least a couple of centuries and a half, and means a trifle. Howell, in his 'Instructions for Foreign Travel' (1610), remarks, that 'the nuns will entertain discourse till one be weary, if he bestow on them some small *bagatelles*; as English gloves, or knives, or ribbons.' Jeremy Taylor uses the word in 'Artificial Handsomeness,' but spells it *bagatelles*, and makes it mean toys. Since the time of these writers, the term has gained popularity, and is made so completely English, that Dr Johnson gives it a place in his dictionary, with the definition—'A thing of no importance.' Besides this general signification, the word 'bagatelle' is specifically applied to an effectual mode of trifling away time, by thrusting, with a mace or wand, a few ivory balls into holes indented in a small table lined with green baize. The game is, in fact, a puerile modification of billiards. The French use of the word is in all respects the same as ours, with this addition, that they sometimes utter 'bagatelle!' interjectionally upon such occasions as when an elderly English gentleman would say, 'Poo, poo! nonsense!' or a more impatient one—'Fshaw!'

*Beau*.—'Handsome, graceful,' says Boyer; from which signification we derive 'beautiful'; but to the borrowed monosyllable we give a slightly derivative tinge. A *beau*, writes Dr Johnson, 'is a man of dress—a man whose great care is to deck his person.' He is, in fact, an elegant dandy. What, however, is unworthy of a man's too exclusive attention—such as adorning his person—is quite proper and necessary for a woman to cultivate; hence *belles*, the feminine of *beau*, does not carry with it the smallest implication of disparage. It is indeed rather a complimentary term, signifying a gracefully-fashionable young lady. *Beau* is frequently compounded with other French words for various purposes. *Beau-monde* is applied to the fashionable world. *Beau-ideal*, 'the standard of the ideal,' expresses the height of conceivable perfection. The French compound it to designate marriage relationships—as *beau-fils*, 'son-in-law'; *beau-frère*, 'brother-in-law'; *beau-père*, 'father-in-law'; in which respect they are imitated by the Scotch, who say 'good-son,' 'good-mother,' &c.

*Billet-doux* are those tender effusions of which so many are penned during courtship. The words, literally rendered, mean a 'sweet letter' or note, and has been in fashionable use since the reign of Charles II., whose court—so famous for such misuses—probably imported it. Pope was the first to make it classical, by introducing it in his 'Rape of the Lock.' The heroine is awake by her lap-dog, after Ariel's warning of the impending evil—

'Twas then Belinda, if report speak true,  
Thy eyes first opened on a *billet-doux*.'

Valentines come under the denomination of *billet-doux*; and on the 14th of every February, some hundred-thousand sheets of soft nonsense pass through the post-office of Great Britain. That courtship as well as more tangible things should contribute its quota to the revenue by means of *billet-doux*, may seem unromantic, but it is nevertheless true.

*Blasé* is the preterite of the verb *blaser* (to surfeit), and is said of a shattered *beau*, who has, from excessive indulgence, lost all relish for pleasure, or even for existence. It is a modern introduction, having gained additional currency from a clever and popular farce, which points a good moral. The hero, whose every sense of enjoyment is worn out, meets with an adventure which, to save his life, demands the utmost activity. He is obliged to fly his home, and take shelter in the country. For the sake of disguise, he hires himself as a farm-labourer—he ploughs, thrashes, and drives carts; and, though the work is hard, finds it far more agreeable than his former indolence. When the danger he apprehended is over, he continues an active life, as the more preferable to that of *blasé* inanity.

*Bon-gré*.—'With a good grace; willingly'—of which *mal-gré* is the antithesis. We often borrow both expressions, and say that so-and-so has been obliged to do something *bon-gré*, *mal-gré*—whether he would or not.'



*Bon-mot* is literally a 'good word'; but the adjective being used in the sense of 'clever,' the expression is applied to a 'smart saying,' with a dash of satire in it. At least this is the idea the French have of their own word. The author of the volume of *'Ana,'* belonging to the *'Encyclopédie Française,'* defines it, we must think, a little harshly, when he says that a *'bon-mot'*—(good word) ought perhaps to be designated (*mot-malin*—(bad word)); for it sometimes consists in giving a ridiculous aspect to a praiseworthy motive.' The same hostility to professed jokers must have suggested the proverb, *'Diseur de bons-mots, mauvais caractère'*—(Utterer of bon-mots—bad character); and also the notion, that *'Ils aiment mieux perdre un ami qu'un bon-mot'*—Such people 'would rather lose their friend than their joke.'

The word *bon-mot* has been received into the English language for at least two centuries, as Lord Chesterfield's use of it implies. He tells his son, with his usual good sense, that 'the jokes, *bons-mots*, and little adventures which may do very well in one company, will seem flat and tedious when related in another.' The significance we give to it would scarcely justify any of the severities with which it is visited in the above examples from the French. *Bon-mot* is used in English to imply simply a saying sufficiently apt and ready to be humorous without being witty; and which may or may not be satirical. We should place it, in the scale of meaning, between the puerility of a pun, and the brightness of a piece of wit. Other expressions have been borrowed from the French to express nicer shades of the same meaning: a *jeu-de-mot* partakes more of the character of a pun: a *jeu-d'esprit* is something vivacious and lively merely. A *double entendre* is an expression to which two meanings may be attached.

*Bonne-bouche*.—Something 'good' for the 'mouth'—a tit-bit.

*Brochure*.—'A stitched book'; from the verb *brocher* (to stitch). All books, it must be admitted, are stitched; but some are bound also; hence *brochure*, designating those which are stitched only, is the borrowed appellative for a pamphlet.

*Brusque* is one of those words which has been adopted into our language to take the place of its exact equivalent, for the purpose of conveying a more softened meaning. The French employ it when we should say of a man that he is 'blunt,' or of a woman that she is 'pert'; but we soften the harshness of our censure by using a foreign word, and applying the term '*brusque*.' Our forefathers Anglicised it, as appears from Sir H. Wotton's Letters, wherein he says, 'We are sorry to hear that the Scottish gentleman who has been lately sent to the king found, as they say, but a *brusk* welcome.'

*Chef-d'œuvre*.—The chief work, a master-piece.

*Ci-devant*.—'Formerly.' We apply this word very nearly in the same manner as the prefix *ex* is used. Of a minister who has resigned, or an army captain who has sold out, we say the one is an *ex-minister*, and the other a *ci-devant* captain.

*Chaperon*.—New customs require new words to designate them, and as the duties of a 'chaperon' were never so systematically defined or performed as they have been during the present century, the above very expressive word was adopted. The history of this adoption is somewhat curious. Literally, a chaperon is a hood, and was confined for a long time to the head-dress worn by the knights of the Garter, and to the masks of headmen, as described in Howell's Letters, thus:—'The executioner stands by, his head covered with a chaperon, out of which there are but two holes, to look through.' Some years later, we find the term cited with a similar meaning to that we now attach to it. 'Chaperon,' says Todd, 'denotes a gentleman attending a lady in a public assembly; whilst Boyer affords us, in very plain terms, its present signification. According to him, a chaperon is 'an elderly person who accompanies a young female, for decency's sake.' Thus,

then, arises the word;—*Chaperon* is a hood; *chaperonner* (see Boyer) is to 'hoodwink'; hence we derive the name of a fashionable female character whose business or pleasure it is to take timid young ladies under her wing, and introduce them into society; to act, in short, as a hood; to hide their blushes, and to conceal their little defects from admirers by a species of clever hoodwinking. The old-fashioned term for these useful ladies was 'match-makers.'

In giving the etymological history of this expression, we are of course bound unswervingly to the truth; but we must hasten to add, that the uncomplimentary impression it conveys is not quite correct as to chaperons of the present day. They are important members of society, as a short explanation of their utility will prove. The natural chaperon of every young lady is of course her own mamma; but it may occur that, when the time comes for the damsel to make her *debut* in the world, her lady-mother may be indisposed, or have withdrawn herself from society altogether. In that case, a friend (generally one who has been successful in forming good alliances for her own daughters) is selected to take charge of the young belle. The chaperon's first step is to have the debutante's name engraved under her own on her visiting cards, and to take her on all her visits. She also introduces her at court, at Almacks, and at all the fashionable parties. Should, in process of time, an approach to a preference be shown by any gentleman, the chaperon inquires into his character and pretensions, and advises the young lady how to act. If everything prove favourable, the chaperon negotiates the preliminaries, provides the wedding breakfast, and performs the last duty of her office by supporting and comforting the bride during the interesting and trying ceremony; laying down her office on the steps of the hymeneal altar.

*Congé*.—'Leave,' permission to retire, a polite loan from the French, always applied to leave-taking; which, however, has been so long in use, that custom has made it almost English. Indeed some of our old writers, especially Burton (*Anatomy of Melancholy*), has Anglicised it by spelling the word *conge*. Spenser writes it (*Faery Queen*) in its Gallic form—

'So courteous, *conge*, both did give and take,  
With right hands pledged, pledges of good will.'

Shakspeare turns it into a verb in '*As You Like It*.' Among the 'sixteen businesses' which Bertram boasts of having despatched in one evening, he says, 'I have *congeed* with the duke, and done my adieux with his nearest.'

Besides its literary use, the word occurs in ecclesiastical law, with many others introduced into our jurisprudence by the Normans. *Congé d'élire* (leave to elect), is the permission of the crown forwarded to a dean and chapter to choose a bishop. The king was formerly patron of all bishoprics, and chose whomsoever he pleased; but in process of time the election was made over to others, under certain forms and conditions, one of which was, that they should ask the king's leave or *congé* to elect the prelate they had selected. The whole ceremony is at present a mere form; for the real patrons are the ministry for the time being in power. Addison, in the 475th Spectator, makes a playful application of the phrase in the case of people asking leave to do a thing which they have already resolved upon doing at all events. 'A woman,' he says, 'when she has made her own choice, for form's sake sends a *congé d'élire* to her friends.'

In common conversation, the word *congé* has never been wholly out of use. It is employed in the passive voice in the case of a treasury clerk or a lover when they are dismissed. They are said to have had their *congé*. In the active voice, a person, on going away, is said to have made his *congé*. In paying visits, the leave-taker inscribes in the corner of his address-card the letters P. P. C.; an abbreviation of the words *pour prendre congé*, signifying that he has called 'to take leave.'

*Cortège*.—A train of attendants either on foot or in

coaches (for if on horseback, the term 'cavalcade' is substituted). It is much used by the court-newsmen in his descriptions of the movements of royalty.

*Coup*.—There is scarcely a word in the French language which does such severe duty as *coup*. In the dictionary of the Académie, two closely-printed columns give its meanings, and examples of its varied use. The primary signification is a 'blow;' but this is so extended, as to make it mean any sort of sudden action, especially when compounded with other words. So many of these compound expressions have we borrowed from our neighbours, that on the present occasion only a list of the more popular can be given. *Coup-d'éclat*, a stroke of cleverness; *coup-d'essai*, a trial stroke, a first attempt; *coup-d'état*, a piece of state policy; *coup-de-grace*, the finishing stroke; *coup-de-main*, a stroke of the hand, applied mostly to military exploits of a desperate character, but otherwise to anything done with promptitude and vigour; *coup-de-maître*, a master-stroke; *coup-d'œil*, a stroke of the eye, a rapid glance; *coup-de-plume*, a dash of the pen; *coup-de-seuil*, a stroke of the sun; *coup-de-théâtre*, a clap-trap. One of the most successful *coups-de-théâtre* on record was performed by Mr Burke during the debate on the Alien bill in 1792. He declared that three thousand daggers were being, at the moment he was speaking, manufactured for certain aliens, who were connected with the French Revolution, then fiercely raging. In the midst of his fiery peroration he suddenly plucked one of the daggers from under his coat, and threw it on the floor of the house. 'These,' he exclaimed, 'are the presents designed for you! By these are freedom and fraternity to be propagated! But may Heaven avert such principles from our minds, and such daggers from our hearts!' The effect thus produced on the minds of the auditors was seldom surpassed; yet the orator must have previously obtained the dagger and secreted it about his person, for the purpose of giving an extrinsic effect to his arguments. It was indeed a genuine clap-trap, or, in more polite parlance, a *coup-de-théâtre*.

*Crochet*.—The diminutive of *croc*, a hook. This word has recently come much into use, in consequence of the universal knitting, knotting, and embroidery practised by the fair sex as an amusing occupation. Some kinds of this pastime are performed by means of a small hook, by which the loops of network are pulled through each other; hence called *crochet*, pronounced in the French style. From this term we derive crotchet, a crooked fancy or whim, and one of the characters of musical notation which formerly terminated in a small hook.

#### DOMESTIC ERAS.

A CERTAIN cashier in a London merchant's office was for forty years so punctual in the discharge of his daily duties, that the monotony of his life was only relieved by a single circumstance:—When the principal became lord mayor, the cashier was appointed his lordship's private secretary. From that wonderful year the formal clerk reckoned all the other events of his existence. He did not, for example, date his marriage, and the birth of his children, from certificates and parish registers, but according as those little circumstances took place before or after the great era. It was the same with public events. Inquire of him when the capture of Seringapatam took place, and he would tell you that it occurred so many years before he had the honour of being intrusted with the confidence of the great civic functionary. Ask him about the battle of Waterloo, and he would give you its date as so many years after it was his privilege to act as private secretary to the lord mayor. If, therefore, his biography were to be written, it would contain exactly one remarkable event.

The majority of families have their monotony broken by the occurrence of little out-of-the-way events of a like nature. Accidents or unforeseen haps, in themselves trifling, are, by the force of mere contrast, magnified

into great epochs in the smooth current of parlour existence, and serve to fix the chronology of lesser events, just as effectually as the Olympic games regulated the Greek calendar, and the Hejira that of the Mahomedans. These waves in the straight line of domestic routine, are to a quiet household what the battle of Bunker's Hill is to the annals of the United States, or the last earthquake to the history of Lisbon. My late revered aunt, for instance, sole keeper of a christening bowl which had remained in our family for ages, and which it was my childish misfortune to shiver, made that catastrophe her register to the day of her death: it was her Hejira—her earthquake. When at a loss for a date, the fracture of the china fixed it. If you asked her when I was born, she would answer, so many years before the porcelain went to pieces: inquire when my brother went to India, and she replied, so many years after. When young, and living a life of excitement, I used to smile at my aunt's china calendar; but now that I am old, and exist in a scarcely varying round of domestic sameness, I feel the use of such insignificant resting-places for the memory. My chronology, therefore, is chiefly confined to the glorious call-dinner I gave when donning my wig and gown (the only professional event of my life, for I never had a brief); the publication of my first book; my marriage; and lastly, the birth of my eldest boy—for, since his advent, births have become ordinary instead of remarkable events.

Of late years things have gone on with little variation. The dismissal of a cook, the hiring of a new nursery governess, my son's launch into the world as an articled clerk, and my eldest daughter's departure to finish her education in Paris, have been the chief events in the history of Clover Hall for the last dozen years; but a small circumstance which has recently happened has worked a great change. The last remarkable event was the return of my daughter Clotilda from France. When Clotilda departed she was a girl; she has returned a woman. From a theoretical education, she has entered upon a practical one. This is our last remarkable event; for by it the whole of our domestic arrangements have been more or less unsettled.

Mrs Johnson, having retired from active service, has resigned the commissariat and *ménage* of our household to Clotilda. I regret to mention that the young lady's arithmetic has been found sadly deficient. The tradesmen's accounts sometimes show that twice two sovereigns make fifty shillings, and that tea is five guineas a pound. Punctuality has also fled our roof. The dinner-bell, which has so regularly drowned the sound of the clock whilst striking five, never rings now two days running within the same half-hour. The truth is, that (may I say?), unfortunately, Miss Johnson is an accomplished young lady. She is a very average pianoforte player, and sings Italian scenes whenever people are patient enough to listen. She is comely too. Mrs Johnson's expression for her is, 'a lovely girl;' and I must so far agree with her as to say, that when the child departed for Paris, she was a decided improvement on her mother at her age. Her return, alas! threatens to be our great era: when at a loss for a date, every one in the house, from the errand-boy upwards, refreshes his memory by saying such and such a thing happened so many days, or so many months, before or after Miss Clotilda came back from Paris. I have ceased to buy almanacs; for my family takes no note of time, except as it bears reference to my daughter's French expedition.

But it is not families and lord mayors' secretaries only who date by remarkable events. Professional people have also their time-marks. The lawyer dates by the great causes which have happened in his time. When Mr Latitat of Lincoln's Inn is at fault for a date, he gets at it by referring to the various stages of the great Small and Attwood cause. As the action of Peebles against Plainstones was the almanac of the plaintiff, so the celebrated Douglas case serves as a whet to the memory of the Scottish writer.—The medi-



cal man dates by the bad celebrity of a great pestilence, and helps out his recollection by references to the 'cholera year,' or the 'fever season.'—The amateur of the turf keeps a regular racing calendar in his head, and gauges the minor events of his life—such as the breaking of his arm, his marriage, or succession to his property—by the winners of the Derby stakes at Epsom. Of the lesser occurrences he will say, they happened in the 'Bloomsbury' year, or the 'Little-Wonder' year, or the 'Mazeppa' year.—Collegians also have a similar sort of chronology. They date by their examinations—by their 'little goes' or their 'great goes,' or by their matriculation. Thus, if asked when Mr Little or Mr Scamper took his degree, they will reply, 'Oh, he went up in my year.' Or if asked when a gentleman first entered the university, they reverse it, and say, 'He came down in my year.'

An amusing instance of this kind of help to memory existed in a certain opulent knight of the city of London, who took a pride in having risen from low estate by unaided industry and perseverance, and who occasionally shocked his less unassuming wife and daughters by dating his little stories by the four remarkable events of his life. Reminiscences of juvenile pranks he would commence thus: 'When I went as an errand-boy in Clerkenwell,' so and so happened; or, 'When I was put apprentice in Bowling-green Lane,' I did such a thing. Anecdotes of his middle life often had this beginning—'A year or two after I set up for myself in Jerusalem Passage,' while his stories of more mature years commenced with, 'A month after I was knighted at St James's Palace.' Besides these four occurrences, no other markings of time does he appear to have heeded. A similar instance is recorded of Napoleon. When he was dining with the many crowned heads who were brought under his thrall at Leipsic, he had the bad taste to humble them (it is said purposely), by fixing the chronology of an anecdote with, 'When I was a sous-lieutenant of artillery.' Many events so truly remarkable had occurred since he held that humble rank, that it has been urged he might have selected one of a more noble and elevated character instead. But it is a nice question whether he did not, in looking back and recalling the feelings with which he received his lieutenant's commission, estimate it at the moment as one of the most impressive, and therefore remarkable events of his brilliant career.

#### LIEUTENANT WAGHORN AND THE NEW LAND ROUTE FROM INDIA.

WHEN a mere man of letters of the present day thinks him of arraying the spirits of the age before the public eye, he selects a number of poets and tale-writers, some of whom, perhaps, have hardly been heard of beyond the set amongst which they are worshipped. The true spirits of the age are not writers at all, or at least are not spirits of the age, by reason of their being writers. They are the men who take a lead in operations calculated to bring about great social changes—such men as Stephenson, Hudson, Cobden, or the subject of this sketch. We learn from an interesting article in the *Pictorial Times*, that Mr Waghorn passed his earlier years of manhood as an officer in the service of the East India Company, in which capacity he took part in many desperate battles, and got some severe wounds, but only with the effect of hardening him to the ardent enterprises in which he has since been engaged. Having several times had to pass from India to England, and back, when it was a four-months' voyage, his impetuous nature felt keenly this loss of time, and he resolved to effect the means of a quicker transit. It cost him seven years to bring this to bear, and a full recital of his difficulties would form a most interesting narrative.

'At the outset,' says our authority, 'his attention was directed to an extraordinary man—whose natural talents are such, that in other circumstances they might have made him the Napoleon of his age—who had accumulated a large amount of wealth and power, who had built up an army and a fleet at a vast expense, and who might, had he pleased, have interposed stupendous obstacles to the accomplishment of Lieutenant Waghorn's design. This man was Mohammed Ali, the pasha of Egypt, whose character and position would have extinguished all hope of success in a mind less determined than that which was now absorbed in contemplating a mighty work, and inflexibly determined on its achievement. He entered the service of the pasha, conciliated his esteem, secured his confidence, and then—knowing that none could cross the desert from Suez to Alexandria, a distance of between seventy and eighty miles of sandy waste, without being friendly with the Arab tribes—he proposed to Mohammed Ali the hitherto impracticable task of establishing commercial relations with the freebooters of the wilderness, the wild descendants of Ishmael.

'The appeal was successful. Lieutenant Waghorn was appointed by the sagacious ruler of Egypt his secret emissary to the Arabs, and to that people he went, without a single attendant. Among them he lived three years, and in the course of that time exerted so much influence upon them, as to induce them to exercise forbearance, and to treat that mysterious thing, a letter, with due respect.

'His next step was to prevail upon Mohammed Ali to open a house of agency in Suez, which, being situated at the northern extremity of the gulf of its own name, which is also at the north-west angle of the Red Sea, would be of great importance as an outpost on the proposed route. Caravans were then to be established at different spots in the desert; and in this project also he was successful. Lieutenant Waghorn subsequently built a house at Cairo, to be employed as an outpost. This town is the modern capital of Egypt, and the second city of the Mahomedan world; and being near the eastern bank of the Nile, and containing a large population, it was of great moment to have a station here. Alexandria also being a town of great importance, it was necessary that another should be constructed there; which was accordingly done. Most complete were all these arrangements; and, after a while, Lieutenant Waghorn had the high gratification of conducting the late Earl of Munster and a party of officers by the new route across the desert, by way of the Red Sea, and through France, direct from Bombay. Various improvements in the means thus employed were gradually effected; and so permanent were the advantages secured to the parties immediately concerned, that it became a matter of interest with them to secure their continuance. Mohammed Ali learned so much from what had been accomplished, that every existing facility was continued even during the war between Great Britain and the pasha. A slight notice of his generosity at that time must not be omitted. During the attack on the castle of Gebail, on the night of the 12th of September 1840, and in the midst of the firing, a white flag being seen hoisted in the town, hostile proceedings were instantly suspended; but on the boat's reaching the shore, the Indian mail, which had arrived by way of Bagdad, was handed to the officer, with "Suleiman Pasha's compliments to Admiral Stopford." The latter, on his part, immediately forwarded a warm letter of thanks to the

paasha, and accompanied it with a package of foreign wine, which had been seized in an Egyptian vessel directed to Suleiman. This interchange of courtesies being ended, firing was at once resumed, and the result is well known. For the feeling thus displayed during this arduous war, Mohammed Ali afterwards received an honourable tribute from the merchants of Britain, who justly felt that conduct so unexampled deserved its prompt and hearty approbation.

The result, in short, of Mr Waghorn's exertions was the establishment of a communication from India, by Egypt and Marseilles, to England, occupying about thirty-five days. Such at least was the route used for letters, and available for travellers also, unless they preferred, for cheapness, to take the steamer by Gibraltar. It was unlucky, in this arrangement, that the route passed through France, for the French, animated by hostile feelings towards England, clogged that passage with as many difficulties and humiliations as possible. Indignant at the vexations thus experienced, Lieutenant Waghorn lately determined to try if it was possible to find another and equally convenient line of transit across the continent. Convinced that such a course was practicable, he communicated his ideas to many, but received no assistance in carrying them out. The British government was unable to entertain it, from the diplomatic difficulties which invariably occur in moving the complicated political machine for such an object. Many persons, indeed, denounced the project as wild and absolutely impracticable.

To pursue the intelligent narrative in the *Pictorial Times*—Nothing was more clear to the eagle eye of Lieutenant Waghorn, than that it was very desirable to effect the transit without touching on the French territory, and that there would be an actual saving of 240 miles by way of Trieste over that of Marseilles. The former is the principal seaport town of the Austrian empire, and is situated near the north-eastern extremity of the Adriatic Sea. The depth of water is such, that ships of 300 tons burden can lie close to the quays, those of greater size being moored in front of the city. Lieutenant Waghorn considered, too, that the saving of a mile, or the gaining of a minute, in so great an enterprise, was of the utmost importance; and on the accomplishment of it in the shortest possible time he set his heart. That great and petty governments might thwart or retard his movements, he did not forget; but, with fixedness of purpose, he communicated with them, and, as the result, succeeded in allaying their prejudices, dispelling their fears, and stimulating their hopes of great and ultimate advantage. Two years have been spent in these arrangements, and he has just been permitted to reap their first and most gratifying fruits.

The requisite preparations having been made, Mr Waghorn sailed for Alexandria to receive the mail, which started from Bombay on the first of October. This was brought, as usual, by steamer to Suez, by Arab couriers across the desert to Cairo, and thence up the Nile and canal by steamers to Alexandria. Off this place Mr Waghorn awaited the mail in the Austrian steamer 'Imperatore'; and it was placed in his hands on the twentieth day of its transit from Bombay. The steamer instantly made off across the Mediterranean, where it encountered extremely rough weather and head winds; nevertheless, in six days and thirteen hours it reached the head of the Adriatic, and ran into Dwino, fifteen miles nearer to London than Trieste, which had been his first destination. The whole European continent was now before the lieutenant, and he hastened to begin his journey across it. We learn from the *London Illustrated News*, in which an accurate sketch of his route is published, that, making his way from Dwino through Inspruck, Ulm, and Burchall by post-chaise, thence to Manheim by railway, and from the latter place to Bergen by steamer down the Rhine—where an accident prevented him from continuing his voyage—he landed and posted to Cologne, and went on to Ostend by railway. Here

the 'Herne' steamer waited to convey him to Dover; and he arrived in London by railway, after one of the most rapid journeys ever made across Europe. It occupied, despite delays and accidents, only ninety-nine hours and forty-five minutes.

On the 1st of October another mail was despatched from Bombay, with extra speed, by the route *via* Marseilles, to see which would arrive in London first. That was anticipated by Mr Waghorn by two days, thus proving the superiority of the German over the French route. He is of opinion that he shall be able, in his next attempt, to complete the same journey in twenty-five days; and, with less than two years' experience, despatches will be in London on the twenty-first day from Bombay.

This new route will be an extremely useful variation from the French one. It secures an overland transit to India in the event of anything occurring to interrupt that by way of Marseilles; besides giving travellers their choice as to scenery, and the countries they would wish to get a glimpse of. As it will be much to the interests of the various states which the road passes, they will doubtless alter their passport system, so as to do away with the necessity of a separate document for each frontier, and will in all probability combine their ambassadors' and agents' signatures on one passport, for the special accommodation of each traveller intending to go to India. Still, the new route could never wholly supersede the Indian traffic through France. The truth is, there are some natural difficulties of an important kind attending the German route. The experiment tried by Mr Waghorn during the fine season, will be far more difficult during mid-winter. The storms so frequent in the Adriatic, and the snows which cover the roads of Germany, will present impediments to the progress of the mails which they do not encounter in their passage through France; besides, at no very remote period, the railway between Marseilles and Calais will greatly shorten the distance. For these reasons, no very speedy change in the bulk of the communication with India is to be anticipated, since the new road opened by Mr Waghorn is only available when the state of the sea and the fine season combine to insure success.

The new triumph of rapidity in travel is entirely accomplished by private enterprise. The proprietors of the *Times* newspaper supplied the pecuniary means, and Lieutenant Waghorn did the rest. It may seem anomalous at first sight that an undertaking so purely national should be left to individuals to carry out, and not be prosecuted by government; but it is one of the blessings of this nation that an adequate elasticity is given to individual enterprise; for without it, the greatest undertakings could not be accomplished. Had, for instance, the cumbrous machinery of state been set to work some dozen years ago—when Mr Waghorn commenced his negotiations with Mohammed Ali—it is probable the route would not have been opened yet. To preserve peaceful diplomatic relations with foreign powers, the utmost caution is required in state negotiations: there must be preliminaries, protocols, and stipulations out of number, before the wished-for 'ratification' is effected; whilst to have brought the mail through France, a separate treaty would have been required. Whereas the English private gentleman, in the person of Mr Waghorn, was enabled to make his own bargains and his own stipulations, without involving his native government any further than if he were a person travelling, and hiring post horses or dromedaries for his own pleasure. Again, in the present instance, had government taken the new route in hand, complicated negotiations demanded by state policy would have been opened with Austria, Switzerland, Bavaria, Wirtemberg, Nassau, and Prussia, and the Foreign Office would have occupied several years in accomplishing what the irresponsible Mr Waghorn managed in two. In this case, therefore, the advantage of the *laissez-faire* principle, so extensively adopted by the British government, is fully illustrated.

We are happy to see that a testimonial is in progress to Mr Waghorn, to enable the public to mark their grateful sense of the eminent services of, without doubt, the most rapid and useful traveller of modern times.

#### THE GOVERNMENT SCHOOLS OF DESIGN.

Among the educational measures which have from time to time received the sanction and support of the government, may be instanced, as not the least important, the Schools of Design, which have been for some years in active operation, imparting 'the best instruction at the smallest amount of payment.' From the central school at Somerset House, an annual report of the managing council is issued, giving a general account of the proceedings of each school, the progress of the pupils, financial statements, and other matters worthy consideration. We shall avail ourselves of the third and fourth reports, embracing a period of time from May 1843 to June of the present year, to bring the position and prospects of these useful institutions before the readers of the Journal.

The school at Somerset House was 'originally established as a school of design in ornamental art, for the special purpose of teaching its application to manufactures; and a systematic plan of instruction was adopted, by which the students were divided into elementary drawing, and other classes, having reference to the particular objects of their studies. A certain position in the school is assigned to them on entrance, from which they work gradually onwards, commencing with elementary drawing in outline, which they are not permitted to leave until they can draw with correctness; the next step is to the class for shading, at first from the flat, so as to educe skill in the use of the chalk; after which they pass to drawing from casts, modelling, the study of colour, chiaro oscuro, water colours, and painting from nature; to this succeeds drawing the figure, perspective; and the highest class, in which is acquired a knowledge of 'the history, principles, and practice of ornamental design, and its application to the various processes of manufacture, including the study of oil, tempera, fresco, encaustic, or wax painting; and the practice of the various branches of decorative art.'

This, it will be acknowledged, opens a valuable course of study, which, it is gratifying to observe, is not confined exclusively to the male sex; for female schools, conducted by ladies, under the general supervision of the director appointed by the council, exist as parts of the central and provincial establishments; thus offering to the gentler sex an advantage which, in their present want of profitable occupation, promises to be important and elevating.

The fees of admission to the central school are four shillings per month for the morning classes, and two shillings per month for the evening; the hours of attendance being, for five days in the week, from ten till three in the one case, and from half past six until nine p.m. in the other; thus giving those whose occupations prevent their attendance in the day, an opportunity of doing so after working hours. The fees at the branch school in Spitalfields are just half of those paid respectively at the central establishment for the same period of study; and the subscription to the female school is not more than two shillings monthly, for which their course of instruction includes, in connexion with that already detailed, 'the practice of pattern drawing and designing, for those branches of industry which are most suited to the pursuits of females—such as lace, embroidery, &c.; and instruction in drawing on wood, for the purpose of engraving, cross-hatched lithography; porcelain painting, and other kinds of ornamental work, in the execution of which they may be advantageously employed.'

In order to secure as far as possible the legitimate

ends for which the schools were established, 'candidates for admission are required to be recommended by two respectable individuals, and are expected to leave with their application one or more drawings, as specimens of their ability.' Blank forms of certificate may always be had if applied for, which, when filled up, and properly signed, must distinctly state 'the present and proposed occupation of the applicant.' No pupil under the age of twelve is admitted; and we find from the table in the third report, that the whole number of students in the central school in 1843-4, comprehended, from 12 to 15 years, 40; 15 to 20 years, 189; and 46 above the latter age; while the attendance showed an average monthly increase of 48 over the preceding year, with a proportionate increase in the amount received for fees. The report for the present year proves 'that schools of design, as the means of attaining improvement in the productions of ornamental art in this country, are very highly estimated throughout our commercial communities; and that there appears to exist in the minds of all who are most competent to judge, and most interested in the prosperity of our national manufactures, a decided conviction of the practical importance of continuing and extending the instruction which it is the object of schools of design to impart'—there being an average monthly increase of 33 in the attendance throughout the year, with a corresponding augmentation of the total amount of subscriptions. Of these students, 31 are from the age of 12 to 15; 189 from 15 to 20; 104 from 20 to 25; 24 from 25 to 30; 12 from 30 to 35. It will thus be seen that the largest attendance is among the young, from whom, their habits being yet unformed, the most is to be hoped.

The occupations of the pupils are given in a tabular statement, from which we learn that twenty-three are arabesque painters and decorators, nine cabinetmakers, twenty-three ornamental wood-carvers, twenty-two architects, eight joiners, four carpenters, three upholsterers, fifteen copperplate engravers, seven builders, nine clerks, five wood engravers, eighteen designers for manufactures; of weavers, watchmakers, smiths, surveyors, and engineers, one each. These are but a few of the whole number, of which forty-four come under the head of 'occupation undetermined.' It is expressed in the fourth of the printed rules, that 'no student be admitted who is studying fine art solely for the purpose of being a painter or sculptor; and we are further informed that, 'in opening national schools of design for the almost gratuitous instruction of the industrial classes, it was by no means intended to afford accommodation to such as seek only to acquire a little knowledge of fine art as a mere educational accomplishment.' These regulations, though open to evasion, must have the effect of confining the instructions more particularly to the large class for whom they are specially intended, and lead to the creation of a numerous body of ornamentists, who may be able to place British art in a position of high excellence.

The pupils are expected to provide themselves with the requisite drawing materials at their own expense; but this is compensated for by the free use of a library connected with the schools being afforded to them; of which we read, that 'the utility of small lending libraries, in educating ornamentists, is found to be highly appreciated in all the schools established by the council; and this appreciation appears to proceed from considering that such education implies considerable development, cultivation, and training of the mental powers, as well as mechanical exercise of the hand and eye; for, although the ornamentist is to be educated not to write, but to work, he is required to work intelligently; the degree of excellence of that which his hand executes being dependent on a correspondent superiority of his suggestive and thinking faculties.' This object is further effected by access to the works of arts contained in the schools: among them are 'casts of the most important Greek sculptures; busts, masks, and portions of statues; examples of alto and basso-relievo from Greek, Roman,



and middle-age monuments; architectural ornament of every style and era; specimens of Byzantine decoration; Gothic enrichments; and a very extensive collection of engraved and lithographed drawings.\* But examples of ornament in casts and prints are not all that is necessary for the purposes of schools of design. Real specimens of various kinds of ornamental manufactures and decorative work, are found to be indispensably requisite, both for teachers and learners, in the education of practical ornamentists. With this conviction, the council have already procured, as the commencement of a more important collection, some very useful and valuable specimens of this nature, chiefly from Germany, France, and Italy, consisting of patterns of stained paper-hangings, rich embroidered silks, and tissues of silk and glass, printed calicoes, wood-carving, ornaments of lacquered embossed metal, models in papier maché, imitations of antique stained glass from Nuremberg, iron castings in panel-work, fancy earthenware, enameled tiles, and several examples of decorative painting in tempera, enamel, fresco, encaustic, &c. including some valuable coloured tracings from fresco ornaments in Mantua.

The school is open to the inspection of the public every Monday, between the hours of one and three; and at all times is visited, not only by those who take a zealous interest in the improvement of ornamental art in this country, but by a numerous class of persons whose practical pursuits and employments as manufacturers of articles of ornament, or decorative artists, induce them to apply to the director for information and useful suggestions. To all such applicants the examples of designs possessed by the school are freely shown, and the permission to examine and copy them is accompanied by every endeavour on the part of the director to render them practically serviceable, by explanatory observations.

Under certain restrictions, and 'with the view of developing talent and exciting emulation, and as a means of indicating to what extent the students have advanced in improvement, the council have always deemed it beneficial to the school to appropriate a small portion of the funds at their disposal to the distribution of prizes.' In the year 1843, twelve prizes, amounting to L.31, 10s., were awarded; the value of the list advertised in 1844 was L.94; and for the present year, L.185: the latter were distributed at the annual meeting in July, on which occasion it was stated that the specimens showed an improvement in taste and execution far exceeding that of any former year. Among the names of the successful competitors were those of nine females; thus satisfactorily proving that women are fitted for other pursuits than those of the needle.

At the time of the late 'Exposition' at Paris, the council, being desirous of keeping pace with the progress of improvement, deputed the director to visit the French capital for the purpose of providing 'more efficient collections of appropriate examples of ornamental art for the metropolitan and provincial schools, most of which are yet very inadequately supplied with normal examples and specimens;' of which purchases were made to the amount of L.1300, in all the departments and varieties above enumerated. As some difficulty was experienced in properly apportioning this supply among the whole of the schools, a selection from it, with other examples, was formed into a collection, 'to be sent successively to each of the provincial schools for exhibition during a limited period; and the council has reason to conclude, from expressions of satisfaction conveyed in various communications from the masters of the schools, and from eminent manufacturers interested in the progress of ornamental art, that this mode of affording to the designers and workmen of the provincial towns opportunity to examine and compare specimens of superior merit, is calculated to be very serviceable in suggesting points and means of improvement.

The advantage and desirableness of good designs are shown in the very high appreciation of them by the

principal manufacturers, many of whom find it expedient to devote very large sums to the purchase of foreign designs, and the payment of professional designers. The sum expended by the manufacturers of Manchester alone in French designs, is stated to amount to at least L.20,000 per annum; and instances may be adduced of single firms whose annual expenditure for English and foreign designs, and for the services of designers and draughtsmen, amounts to thousands of pounds. French, and especially German painters, are employed by the principal house decorators in London, and foreign draughtsmen are found in the warehouses of Manchester.

During the past year, various applications have been made by manufacturers and others for draughtsmen; and from time to time students in the school have been recommended, and engaged as apprentices, to practical designers and other parties employed in ornamental work, to whom it is found to be a great advantage to obtain youths as apprentices whose usefulness, with regard both to artistical qualifications and propriety of conduct, can be at once ascertained by inquiry in the school, and by inspection of their productions *previous* to engagement, instead of depending, as appears to have been the usual mode of proceeding, upon the chance of finding by experience, *after* engagement, that the youth possesses the requisite disposition and talent. Several instances can be adduced in which the services of apprentices selected from the school have been highly satisfactory; and here it may be remarked, as relating generally to all the schools, that instances continually occur of students who possess superior natural endowments, with competent knowledge of art, and power of execution, but who, from deficiency of that technical information respecting manufacturing processes which can be effectually learned only by actual experience in the factory and workshop, cannot procure from manufacturers the employment they seek, as ornamental draughtsmen and designers. Those who, to the general knowledge they have acquired in the school of design, have found means to add the requisite information as to the practical application of it to particular manufactures, readily obtain engagements; but with regard to many others, who possess in general the prerequisite qualifications of good designers, it is to be regretted that manufacturers are not more generally disposed to meet the views of such candidates for their service, and to afford them such facilities and liberal encouragement as would serve to secure, for the purposes of ornamental manufactures, much available talent, which, in default of such encouragement, is often withdrawn from the further study of ornament, and directed exclusively to the pursuit of fine art.

The very munificent remuneration which designers receive from manufacturers in France, is commonly, and no doubt correctly, assigned as one of the principal causes of the comparative superiority which is displayed in French designs; and it is to be hoped that, in England, the development of talent for ornamental art will be promoted by a higher estimate of its commercial value.

The certain promise of valuable employment here held out, should have the effect of awakening the attention of artisans in every part of the country, but more especially in the manufacturing districts, to the existence and advantages of these schools, of which there are already nine in the provinces, namely, at Manchester, Birmingham, Coventry, Sheffield, Nottingham, York, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Glasgow, and Norwich.\* It is also in contemplation to form a central institution for Ireland, in the building of the Royal Society of Dublin, from which beneficial improvements may be expected to result to the manufactures of that part of the kingdom.

\* Applications have been received by the council praying for an additional branch school for London, to be established in Southwark; and from Hanley, in Staffordshire, signed by upwards of 600 artisans and artists in the Potteries.

The greatest proportion of those who attend either the male or female provincial schools, is of course found amongst those occupied in the prevalent manufactures of the place. At Manchester, we find 'designers to calico-printers, 23; youths intended for ditto, 18;' while those engaged in cotton, woollen, and silk manufactures, comprehend two-fifths of the whole number of students. At Birmingham, the greatest proportion lies among die-sinkers, japanners, and architects; at Coventry, infending designers and draughtsmen; at Nottingham, lace-makers; at Glasgow, pattern-drawers, ware-housemen, clerks, and schoolboys. Should it become generally known that the schools already in progress, or those which may hereafter be established, are supported by annual parliamentary grants,\* we may fairly expect that every town which can boast of a mechanics' institute, will also have its government school of design, especially as the council express themselves ready to give any information towards the laudable object.

'To numerous classes of artisans and operatives employed in ornamental manufactures, a practical knowledge of drawing is, in fact, of the greatest value and importance; it being evident that, however excellent may be the pattern supplied by the professional designer, its effective and successful execution in the required material must greatly depend upon the educated eye and hand of the workman. The excellence displayed in many of the ornamental productions of France, is evidently attributable to the superior competence of the *workmen*; while among our manufacturers, especially of metal, it is a common source of complaint that, in the reproduction of the best designs, the peculiar delicacy and sentiment exhibited by the designer are not only unappreciated, but destroyed, by the workman.

'As we manufacture for every part of the world, commercial speculation has led to much enterprise in imitating foreign manufactures. In Glasgow may be seen printed cotton dresses for Ceylon, and other Indian possessions, exhibiting in some instances very beautiful designs, to suit the peculiar tastes of the people of those countries. This species of enterprise is so extended, that even religious idols have been manufactured and exported to some of our foreign possessions; and the ornamental buttons which distinguish the costume of the Chinese mandarins, have been supplied from the workshops of England. But, as the agents employed by commercial parties to procure patterns for imitation and reproduction are not always persons of correct taste, the best specimens of foreign manufactures are rarely introduced.

'In England, the more highly educated classes have acquired a refined taste, which in many instances cannot be satisfied by the present knowledge, taste, and skill of our own manufacturers and artisans, who are merely beginning to receive some of the advantages which have long been possessed by many of their foreign competitors in ornamental work; and the costly and extensive public museums, and excellent schools of art, to which all classes in the more advanced nations of the continent have gratuitous and ready access, are doubtless the primary means by which our neighbours have been enabled to excel us in the various ornamental departments of industry which demand superior knowledge, taste, intelligence, and training. In the Louvre are galleries not only of pictures and statues, but of choice specimens of ancient manufactures, carved work, brass, steel, and iron-work, and numerous examples of the productions of industrial art in general.'

We have not hesitated to quote largely from the report, whose circulation being limited, necessarily operates against the just appreciation of a subject, only to be found in a wide diffusion. We are willing to believe that a numerous class of our artisans need only to have their deficiencies pointed out, to induce them to take effectual measures for their instruction and improve-

ment; and in no case can the fostering aid of government be more legitimately applied, than in the support of educational institutions whose influence may rouse the toiling millions to a perception of the beautiful in art and the pure in morality.

### THE PLEDGE REDEEMED.

TOWARDS the close of the reign of Louis XIV., a plant of Mocha coffee was brought to the king's garden, which very soon increased; and the genius of the government of that day thought that, by transplanting into their West India colonies this shrub, an immense source of riches might be opened to the country. The carrying out of this idea was intrusted to Chevalier Desclieux, who, provided with a young coffee-plant, set out from Nantes, thence to convey it to Martinique. Imbedded in its native mould, the precious exile was placed in an oak-wood box, impenetrable to cold, and covered with a glass frame so formed as to catch the least ray of the sun and double its heat; and in case the sun did not shine, a small aperture, hermetically sealed, could admit heated air when it was thought proper to do so. We can imagine all the charges Desclieux received when he entered the ship in which he was to embark: but he did not need them; he saw at a glance all the distinction he would gain by this expedition, which would secure to his country an inexhaustible source of riches. It was then, with a really patriotic feeling, that he took the plant under his care, promising to devote himself to it as he would to his country, and to all the duties of his profession. And when the skiff, after having quitted the vessel, returned again to renew the charge, and to remind Desclieux once more that the plant must be watered every day, and that copiously, he pledged his honour that, rather than fail in this, he would himself die of thirst.

The ship sailed: the crew was composed of about one hundred men, and of some passengers about to settle in the Antilles, amongst whom was an amiable family, consisting of father, mother, and their only daughter Louisa, a beautiful and accomplished girl of eighteen. In a vessel where people are so much thrown together, meeting constantly for a length of time, destined perhaps to share the same death, but little time is required to form an intimacy which often ripens into lasting friendship; and thus it proved in the case of the parents of Louisa and Desclieux. Scarcely had they passed the lighthouse of Cordouan, glittering in the twilight of a lovely evening, when they were already friends. Already this fresh and delicate plant, interesting as an exile, as a flower transplanted from its own soil, as a child torn from its mother, became a mutual object of attraction. It was thus that Louisa pointed it out to her parents as it lay on the deck in its glass-case, exposed to the mid-day sun. She charmed the tedium of the voyage in hourly watching the progress which she believed visible in the feeble offset. She had felt interested in it from the moment Desclieux had shown her all the glory he was to gain by it for France, and then she had become attached to it; for it is a beautiful proof of the magnanimity of women—their love for all that is glorious. Even during the five days they had been at sea, the little coffee-plant had evidently increased; two small leaves of a most delicate green had appeared; and every morning Louisa's first thought after prayer was the cherished plant; but she could not see it till Desclieux had left his room, for he always kept the sacred deposit with him. Every evening he watered it abundantly, and then let hot air into the frame by means of the tube, as he had been directed: he kept it as close as possible to him at night, that even during sleep he might administer heat to it. Never did bird brood over its young more fondly, never did nurse cherish more tenderly the new-born babe.

As soon as Desclieux appeared on deck in the morning to lay his precious charge in the sun, Louisa im-

\* At the close of the late session of parliament, the sum of £4911 was voted for the schools of design.

mediately ran thither. She delighted to point out to her mother its growth during the night, a growth imperceptible to indifferent eyes; but she had become attached to it; and as the slightest emotions are visible to us in the features of those we love, though unperceived by strangers, so she discovered the least change even in the thickness of the stalk or the length of the leaves; and Desclieux, seeing the young girl thus attaching herself to what had been confided to him, and what he so cherished, felt touched and grateful.

They met with a terrible assault when close to Madeira. It was about the middle of a dark night, though not stormy; the vessel was gliding along noiselessly; and all on board were asleep except the officer on watch—and indeed he too perhaps slept, or he would have heard the noise of the keel cutting the waves as a bird's wing cuts the air, and he would have cried 'Ship ahoy!' A ship was indeed quite close to Desclieux's vessel, and the token it gave of its vicinity was a cannonade which awoke up every one in a moment, both crew and passengers. It was a pirate vessel of Tunis, a poor chebeck, but formidable in the night—a time that magnifies every fear—and formidable, too, from the desperate bravery of the banditti who manned her. Believing themselves assailed by superior forces, the ship's crew prepared for a resistance as vigorous, as desperate as the attack. Better far to die than to be carried alive to Africa! All the passengers were at prayer, distracted, trembling, or half dead. Louisa alone remained calm, for she was sustained by the thought that to her Desclieux had intrusted his precious charge. The fight commenced; the ship fired eight cannon on the chebeck; and it was time, for already the captain had boarded the French ship, but was immediately cut down by Desclieux's axe. A last discharge of guns on each side, and the firing ceased. The pirate felt its inferiority, and retreated, while the conquerors continued their course.

Two hours of torturing suspense had passed since the terrible awakening, which but served to make the feeling of restored security the more delightful, and the remainder of the night was spent in relating the events of the rencontre. Louisa's was not the least interesting: she had been regardless of danger during the combat, while watching over her charge; then she took it to Desclieux, who admired her the more—loved her the more; for courage, always beautiful, has a still greater charm when displayed by a woman.

It was a lovely morning; the sun was unusually bright and warm, and Desclieux left the plant on deck, the glass frame half raised to admit the fresh air and reviving heat, while he, with Louisa and her parents, sat near and enjoyed seeing it expand its pretty leaves, and, as it were, smilingly greet the sun's rays which infused into it such genial warmth, and seeming to thank them for their care. But Desclieux's brow now kindled with higher thoughts. In this feeble offset he saw the pretty little starry flowers, then the perfumed berries, and the negroes gathering it abundantly, and then the ocean bearing vessels to France laden with its produce. All this he could see in the few small leaves scarcely above ground. Enthusiastically did he tell these bright visions to Louisa, and as she kindled in her turn, the coffee-plant became dearer and dearer to her, and she lavished as tender care upon it as she would upon a new-born brother. She seemed to have common sympathies with it, and if she felt that the heat might be too much for its slender stem, she drew over it little curtains of green silk which she had made expressly for it, just as a tender mother tucks the cradle of her infant. And then she read to Desclieux and her parents a long account of the coffee of Mocha, and pictured vividly to their imagination the tree to grow out of the nursing whose infancy they watched over. Sometimes the conversation took a different turn, and the parents of Louisa spoke, as if to an old familiar friend, of their fortune, of their family interests, of their views for the establishment of their only daughter; and Desclieux in

return imparted to them his plans. By degrees these communications led to projects of marriage between him and Louisa. It was no unpleasant thought to either, and the very day they crossed the line, a declaration was made, and an engagement formed, and it was agreed that their union should take place immediately on their return to France.

We may well think that Louisa became more attached than ever to the plant, now become a source of distinction in which she would one day share: imagine, then, her consternation when, one morning, she beheld it languishing. She said nothing, hoping it might revive; but the next morning found its leaves still more withered. She did not trust herself to speak of it to Desclieux, who also had but too plainly seen it. At last the thought occurred to him that, whilst in the intense heat of the tropics, the plant would require more water; he therefore poured on it almost his whole allowance. The effect was immediate in restoring its life and verdure, and Louisa was again happy. The ship was still some hundreds of leagues from Martinique, when a violent tempest arose, apparently the last of a fearful hurricane which had raged through the Antilles. It was found that the ship had sprung a leak; the pumps were not sufficient: they were in imminent danger, and the necessity of lightening the vessel was so urgent, that they were forced to throw overboard almost all the merchandise, a part of the ballast, and even several barrels of water. This last sacrifice was an appalling one: it was with a solemn feeling they made it, similar to that with which one hears the earth fall upon a coffin, or gives to the departed one the ocean for its tomb. Indeed these casks of water carried with them the lives of many individuals, who had now no escape from a cruel death by thirst. Desclieux, impressed, like the others, with this idea, only thought of his precious coffee-plant. However, they were not very far from port, and, with a favourable wind, might get in in a few days; and in effect the tempest being over, and the leak closed with great difficulty, a fresh breeze sprang up, and for a day and a night they sailed fast, and the stormy state of the atmosphere had produced on the coffee-plant the usual effect. It might almost have been said to have flourished the more for the tempest. Louisa and Desclieux contemplated it with a sweet joy, as at once the emblem and the omen of domestic happiness amid the storms of life. But, alas! the wind suddenly lulled—not the least breath to fill the sails, not a wave broke against the motionless vessel: an awful calm succeeded; and what is more terrible upon this scene of continual agitation than a calm unwonted and too often fatal? The dead heat of the tropics was felt in all its power by the helpless voyagers; they languished and fainted with a continual thirst; and, horrible to relate, the water was failing, for they had thrown so much overboard, that they were limited to a very small allowance—a cupful at most.

If men, notwithstanding their energies, sunk under the sufferings caused by the intense heat and burning thirst, what must have been the state of the poor little plant which faded away before the eye! It had its allowance also, but it was not enough; and every morning and evening Desclieux gave it his, only for which it would have died. Louisa was astonished to see the feeble plant yet bearing up; but Desclieux carefully concealed from her the means he was using, lest she also would deprive herself of water for it, and that he did not wish; he preferred suffering alone; and a long sojourn in the hottest parts of Arabia had in a great measure inured him to the climate, so that he did not feel it so much as others. The calm was uninterrupted, the remainder of the water was nearly exhausted, their situation was become dreadful, and there was no hope, in their case, of any relief from another vessel, for all were alike becalmed; and it was said to see the ocean without a sail in the horizon, or, if there was one, it too was motionless. Their ration of water was now reduced to one small liqueur glass. One drop only, just



to moisten his lips, and Desclieux poured the rest on the plant, now apparently dying.

'Alas! how you are changed!' said Louisa to him one day: 'how pale you have become. You are suffering: this heat is killing you.'

He knew it; but he had promised to water the plant, even though he himself was to die of thirst; and he was faithful to his word. One evening, when Louisa and her parents were questioning him, he thus answered in a feeble voice, 'You are right; I die of thirst, that my charge may live. It is my duty; and saying these words, he laid his parched lips upon its withered leaves, as one would kiss the hand of an expiring friend, and continued, 'You have all promised to love me: if I do not live, be careful of this coffee-plant, which held out to us such brilliant prospects. I ask it of you as a favour, and bequeath to you the distinction I hoped to have gained by it.' At the moment they were distributing the scanty portion of water, and though he was perishing, he threw the whole of it upon the shrub—Louisa did the same. It was, as it were, a sacred bond between them—an indissoluble tie. I am convinced that many of my readers have frequently felt a lively and almost inexpressible pleasure in watering a flower dried up by the scorching sun, and, in seeing it revive, have felt as if benefited themselves. What pleasure, then, it must have given to Desclieux and Louisa to see their plant raise its sickly leaves once more!

At length the wind began to rise lightly, and the vessel moved, though slowly. Desclieux was ill—in a burning fever; but he continued to share with the plant his allowance of water; and Louisa added hers. It increased their happiness that it owed its recovery to their mutual self-denial; and it seemed as if their household life had begun in a common endurance of suffering.

The breeze still freshened; and when the vessel anchored in the port of St Pierre, there was not a single drop of water on board. But the coffee-plant was saved; the colony enriched by it; Desclieux's pledge redeemed; and, three months after, Louisa was his wife.

#### FESTIVAL OF AGRICULTURAL LABOURERS.

THE following pleasing account of a festival lately given by U. B. Wall, Esq., M.P. for the borough of Guildford, to his tenants, agricultural labourers, and others, at his mansion of Norman Court, Hampshire, occurs in the letter of a lively correspondent to the *League newspaper*, and will doubtless interest all who feel concerned in the interchanges of kindly sentiments between different classes of the community:—

'Mr Wall's festival occurred on Tuesday the 17th of September. Having breakfasted at the Greyhound, or the Hare and Hound, or the Dogs—I am not sure which it is; but the traveller who likes a good breakfast, the freshest of water-cresses, and eggs, and bread and butter, and coffee and cream, will not make any mistake, as it is "the house of the village." [Broughton]—having breakfasted, and read, while at breakfast, the printed rules of that day's vegetable, fruit, and flower-show, the competitors in which were all to be labourers living in cottages rented from Mr Wall, in Broughton, the two Tytherleys (east and west); for which show a liberal and comprehensive scale of premiums were awarded—having breakfasted, and also read at breakfast the catalogue of the Norman Court Lending Library, which library consists of 500 or more volumes, provided at Mr Wall's expense, the only qualifications to obtain which is a desire to read, and a request to be allowed to borrow a book—the books consisting of the best periodical and serial works of the day, and of the standard works in religious, moral, and scientific biographies, poetry, instructive tales, and so forth; having also, when at breakfast, listened, as I have often done since, not only in Broughton, but in all the villages and districts around Norman Court, to the respectful, grateful, almost reverential remarks on Mr Wall, as a kind landlord and liberal helper of all who need a rich man's help—as an employer of many men, and a payer of good wages—as the protector not only of the living, but of the dead—the restorer of grave-stones, of churchyards, and of churches—having breakfasted, read, and listened to

all these things, I, with some other friends, drove off in a "trap" for Norman Court.

'Up Broughton-hill, westward, we toiled, one or two getting out, that the horse might have less toil. Having surmounted it, and left the wide expanse of woodless farm-fields behind, turning only round to look down upon Broughton in its nest of trees for a minute, and upon the three Wallops, in their bourns farther north, and upon "Lennard's Grove" (the cross roads which so named tell their own tale), between us and the villages of the Wallops, we looked westward and southward into a country all different from that east and north of us. A succession of woodlands, now in hollows and now in heights; now with open fields and elsewhere with winding glades; now humble and copse-like, and again lofty and majestic, lay before us and below us, over a distance of six miles, bounded by another bold range of chalky hills, resembling that which we had just come over. By turns we went down, and again up; to the left and to the right, and on forward, turning again and again. Elderly men and women were standing aside to let us pass in the narrow woodland roads, or sitting down to rest themselves with their baskets of vegetables which they were carrying to the show. Boys with clean "smocks" on, or new jackets, were pushing on as fast as they had breath to Norman Court, and shouting as we passed; old and young, male and female, rich and poor—most of the rich, who had horses at home, walking as well as the poor, lest there might be no stabling for all the horses expected there; all these peopled the roads; and each gave the other joy of the fine day as they journeyed onward.

'We arrived near the front of the mansion, commanding a magnificent view southward over woods and meadows and fields, dells, eminences, openings, thickets, and through noble park trees, amid which the carriage-roads led off, and lost themselves. On the side of the mansion next us, extending over a dozen acres or so backward, and now on our right hand, was a green smooth sward embosomed in lofty lines of trees, these lines being but the front-rank men of deep thickets. Into this we turned, and drove to the tent of Mr Lane, from Broughton, which stood fronting downward and towards us.

'On our right hand, at entering under the trees, was the sign of the Lion (Mr Beauchamp, from West Dean); and half-way up, in front of the trees, was the Black Horse (Mr Fowkes, from West Tytherley). Varieties of other smaller tents with confectionary, and exhibitions of natural curiosities and such-like, were in the intermediate spaces. But the grand attraction were two tents of Mr Wall's, on the left-hand side, near the centre: one was for the show of vegetables, fruits, and flowers; and the other was a kind of store, at which Mr Wall himself presided, furnished with a variety of fancy and useful articles, to be given as prizes to those who might win them at such games as archery, for which there were six targets, with bows and arrows in abundance; such games also as cricket; and nearly all kinds of ball-playing, puff and dart, quoits, hurdle-racing, leaping, and so on. There were generally such chances as twelve shots for a penny; the men attending to the targets, &c. receiving the pennies, and giving a ticket to the winners, who carried it to Mr Wall, and received prizes according to its amount. If it was a 2s. 6d. or 3s. ticket, there would be a silk handkerchief, and a knife perhaps, or a hat, or a waistcoat. For the children there were swings and roundabouts; and ropes with seats on them were suspended between the venerable trees, that young people who wished to swing might swing there.

'The vegetable and fruit show was exceedingly good, and would have done credit to many professional gardeners. It certainly did credit to Mr Wall's cottagers, of whom about 100 were competitors. The judges were Mr White, the gardener at Norman Court, and two other gentlemen, whose names I now forget. The beautiful fuchsias, and other flowering plants from the cottage-windows, showed favourably for the domestic neatness and taste. So did the garden products tell for cottage industry. But if all dwellers in humble houses had as good dwellings and gardens, with as good a squire, and as good a steward between them and the squire as they have, there would be more comfort, and more industry exercised to obtain it, throughout England than there now is.

'As visitors arrived, some in carriages, some in vans, and some in holiday wagons, others in gigs and trap-carts, from distances varying from one to ten miles, those who were known had tickets given them by Mr Sergeant, the land-

steward, to the dinner. A yeoman cavalry band, in their uniform, played music, which the woods re-echoed, or would have re-echoed, had there been less din of human voices, and a lower breeze of wind. There were several policemen of the county constabulary on the ground, but, as it was observed at the time, every man was his own constable; no mischief was done.

The chief dinner was spread in the courtyard of the mansion twice, from 250 to 300 dining each time. The great body of the people, however, dined in the tents on the green, having tickets which paid for their admission and their fare. Each party dining in the court passed into the mansion, and went through the splendid suite of rooms on the ground-floor by way of exit. On a former occasion, the house was left open to every person indiscriminately. They did no wilful damage, but there being many thousands of them going in and out for a whole day, they did damage to elegant furniture, whether intending it or not. On that occasion, a gentleman staying on a visit with Mr Wall had left his bed-room door open, not expecting that any of the strangers would penetrate there; also he left his money, in sovereigns, and his jewellery, lying open on his table. The staring wonderers, who had never before been in such a house, went, hundred after hundred, into that room, as well as into others; but there was not there, nor in the house, a single act of theft committed. Yet these people had the full complement of poachers, petty thieves, and loose reputations among them; persons who were honest against their inclination, because they saw and felt they were trusted.

On the present occasion, Mr Wall sat down at one of the tables, but did not preside; the presidency and several other offices of honour devolved on some of the principal tenants and the farm-steward. The domestic servants, from the house-steward downward, waited on and served the visitors with alacrity and kindness; as much so, indeed, as if the kind spirit of their master was thoroughly infused into them.

On Mr Wall's health being given, he delivered a short address, "thanking the people for coming to see him and dine with him," and hoping to see them again and again, and to see a closer bond of friendship established between persons of all ranks than there ever yet had been.

The sports upon the green went on. Every minute some prize was won at one or other of the games. The floor of the tent in which the vegetable show had been was boarded for dancing, with a platform for the band. Accordingly, there was dancing. And when night closed in, there were fireworks; and these were on a scale of grandeur rarely excelled, if ever excelled at all. Artists of first-rate ability were brought from London to conduct their exhibition. Fire-balloons went off and away; and rockets went up and shot off, and showered down brilliancies that illumined the wondering country. While the multitudes gazed and admired, devices in fire of all shapes and colours, and of many meanings, succeeded each other, rockets firing all the time with a magnificence that would have made Vauxhall clap hands and shout. But there was little shouting here, and not a hand was clapped. The excessive wonder at such prodigies done in fire constrained to silence.

The fireworks at Norman Court were sublime; and the people who looked upon them, upwards of 2000 in number, seemed at a loss whether to have most gratitude to Mr Wall for his kindness, or most admiration for his unrivalled liberality. They gave him the best return they could give: they went all to their homes without mishap or disturbance, all pleased with the day's entertainment, and pleased with one another.

#### PECULIARITIES OF LANGUAGES.

In all hot countries men use, in speaking, a multitude of vowels, which are all pronounced by greater or lesser apertures of the mouth, in breathing and in speaking, and use very few consonants, all of which are produced by more or less complete interruption of the breath, and contact, or even closure of parts, among the organs of speech. Any one who examines the Italian language, will find, therefore, about sixty vowels in every hundred letters; and in the Otaheitean (Tahitian) language, which sounds very like Italian, there are even more; it is said about seventy-five or eighty vowels in every hundred letters. The proportion is very different in English, in which consonants preponderate; and if we examine the language of Lapland or Green-

land, or of the Arctic-American Esquimaux, we shall find that there are an enormous number of consonants in their more than sesquipedalian words, and that most of these are guttural, as they do not like to open their mouths to the cold air sufficiently to pronounce the labial, dental, or lingual consonants, much less the vowels, and least of all the more open of the vowels. This is a universal law; though immigration or colonisation, or the ancient transplantation of a whole nation by a tyrant conqueror, may sometimes present an apparent exception or anomaly, by our finding a language or a people, originally temperate or torrid, in a frigid zone, or vice versa.—*Medical Times.*

#### SONNET.

[BY S. W. PARTRIDGE.]

We toil unduly: labour's ponderous wheels  
Even off the blessed Sabbath grudging rest;  
The twilight o'er the weary earth that steals,  
And woe the songster to his welcome nest,  
Scarcely can man allure from toil unblest:  
Mercy in vain against the wrong appeals;  
Against repose his gainful heart he steels,  
His own worst foe, self-burdened and opprest.  
We get to live; ah no, we live to get:  
Ambition, Avarice, Ostentation goad  
Our panting feet along life's flinty road,  
Self-yoked, at Mammon's car to tug and sweat.  
To buy and sell—is this earth's best employ?  
To calculate and gain, its chiefest joy?

#### EFFECTS OF CROSSING ON THE CONSTITUTION.

Those classes of the human race which preserve their blood free from mixture with strangers, while they have less variety in external appearance, and perhaps less variety in the scope of mental capacity, than those who cross and recross at pleasure, have more endurance in action, firmer attachments to purposes, and less desultory impetuosity. This is a physical truth. The explanation of it is difficult; but it may be illustrated and comprehended in some degree by those who study the animal fabric, and who are acquainted with the laws of animal economy. In brute animals (horses, sheep, and cattle), the mixture of different races is observed to change the qualities, to improve the beauty, and to enlarge the size: it diminishes the hardness and the security of the physical health. In man, the mixture of different races improves beauty, augments the volume of the bodily organs, and even perhaps expands the sphere of intellect. It diminishes the power of enduring toil, and renders the habit more susceptible to the causes of disease.—*Jackson's Economy of Animals.*

#### SINGULAR MODE OF INCUBATION.

Mr E. J. Eyre, in his journals of several expeditions he undertook into Central Australia, proceeding with a guide and several other natives, he came in one place to a large circular mound of sand, about two feet high and several yards in circumference: this his companions immediately began to explore, carefully throwing away the sand with their hands from the centre, until they had worked down to a deep narrow hole, round the sides of which, and imbedded in the sand, were four fine large eggs of a delicate pink colour, and fully the size of a goose-egg. I had often seen these hills before, but did not know that they were nests, and that they contained so valuable a prize to a traveller in the desert. The eggs were presented to me by the natives; and, when cooked, were of a very rich and delicate flavour. The nest was that of a wild pheasant (Leipoa), a bird of the size of a hen-pheasant of England, and greatly resembling it in appearance and plumage. These birds are very cautious and shy, and run rapidly through the underwood, rarely flying unless when closely pursued. The shell of the egg is thin and fragile; and the young are hatched entirely by the heat of the sun, scratching their way out as soon as they are born; at which time they are able to shift for themselves.

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